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TWO SERMONS:

BY

GEO. HALL.

Late Fellow of Kings Coledge in Cambridge.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. O.* for *Anth. Hall*, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstans Church yard. 1641.

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In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat thy bread, till thou returne to the earth.

GOD Almightie, the great and ſole Builder of heaven and earth, in thoſe ſix dayes, in which his goodneſſe did firſt reconcile the odds betweene being and not being, calling the poſſible world into act, made theſe, and but theſe two natures, the *neceſſarie* and the *voluntarie*; to the former, as being voyd of reaſon, and therefore not capable of any poſitive Law, he gave no precept, hee ſet Nature to them a rule, and furniſht them with faculties determined, and (if there be no impediment in ſecond cauſes) neceſſitated to ſuch or ſuch actions, tending to ſuch or ſuch ends. To the latter, as being endowed with freedome, and a power indifferent to both extremes, to doe or not to doe, to doe this or that good or ill, He expreſſely gave in charge, what (if hee tendered his life) hee ſhould not doe; and therefore hee had no ſooner pronounced him Lord of the whole earth, but knowing how proper it is for happineſſe to forget her

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ſelfe, and how ſafe for Monarchs to remember, that they are dependantly and ſubordinately great, in the proper tone of a Law-Giver *(Legum enim authoritas ratione ſuaſoria vile eſt)* tels him flatly, *Of the fruit of the tree which is in the midſt of the garden, thou ſhalt not eat:* The tree is now forbidden, and that by the Lord and Maker of it: from henceforth for *Adam* to taſte it, ſhall be diſobedience, ſhall bee intemperance, ſhall bee injuſtice; the leaſt of which ſhall not dwell in Paradiſe, they make too great a ſtir in the ſoule, and are too turbulent to reſide in him, whom God created as a Citie at unitie in it ſelfe, there was no inſurrection of the ſenſitive appetite againſt the will, no deformitie betweene the will and reaſon, the intellect directed, the will commanded, the members executed: In a word, there was a neat and harmonious conſent of all the faculties with reaſon, and of reaſon with God; thus was man at peace with God, and with himſelfe. But like as from the quietneſſe of the aire the Philoſopher ſuſpects an earth-quake, mee thinks the man that had not read this book, ſhould have read ſo much in the book of Nature, tane ſo much from politick rules, as to fore-ſee a declenſion of things at perfection, to fear moſt a rebellion in a State moſt compoſed: ſuch was the ſtate of *Adam*, and with ſuch ſucceſſe, in the ſame day were his affections quiet and tumultuous; his will, which that day had well given up her name, revolted from the regiment of reaſon, judge you how voluntarily fallen,

fallen, in that she left her leader, and yet her selfe blind. I ask not whence this desertion, who permitting, who instigating? This is enough for me, this will bring me to my text, if I tell how the evill of sin lets in the evill of paine, and that I find in the sacred History, that our first parents did eat, and this probable in the schoole, that they were both created, both stood, and both fell, and both in one day. Let both these two great lights on earth answer to those two in heaven, and then behold the eclipse, that *Hesychius Milesius* speaks of, ἡ Σελήνη ἐξέλιπε, καὶ ὁ ἥλιος ἀμυδρὸς ἐγένετο, *The Sun was darkened, and the Moone withdrew her light*: but happy you superiour lights, whose eclipses are not sins, the defects and anomies of humane actions are scann'd at the bar of justice, and bearing a guilt upon the offendent, will not be expiated but by suffering; for let the man but taste of the prohibited fruit, and he shall heare a voyce from heaven, that voyce which breaketh the Cedars of Libanus, thundring out wrath, and this sad doom, *In the sweat of thy face*, &c.

The generals in the text are three: first, the sufferer, *thou*; secondly, his sufferings, *to eat his bread in the sweat of his face*; thirdly, the terme of his sufferings, *till thou returne to the earth.*

Since there is so necessary dependancie of morall acts upon intention, it is a good rule which the Philosopher gives in the first of his Rhetorick, μὴ πρὸς τὸν νόμον, ἀλλὰ πρὸς τὸν νομοθέτην σκοπεῖν, *Not to look so much to the letter of the Law, as the mind*

of the Law-giver: The expreſſe prohibition of eating was to one, but intended for all; one man, our firſt father did eat, and ſin; the ſin ran downe to his ſons, and to the ſons of their ſons, and to thoſe that did deſcend from them, to all nations, ſexes, conditions, times, and ages of the world, to the man that ſhall laſt ſee the Sun ſet. *In the day that thou ſhalt eat, thou ſhalt dye the death,* as it ſayes more kinds of death than one, ſo more that ſhould dye than one; *and to duſt thou ſhalt returne,* was more than a perſonall ſentence, for all men were dead in one, and were *gathered to their fathers,* as to a living ſepulcher, larger, and more common than that which *Abraham* bought of *Ephron* the ſon of *Zoar,* which was but for him and for his houſe; ſo that it ſeemes to have a great deale of mind that which the Jewes ſo talk of, that *Abraham, Iſaac,* and *Jacob* were buried in the ſame cave with *Adam.*

Now if poſteritie dyed with him, then it ſinned with him, and then ſhall ſuffer and labour with him; *Sane hoc iniquum videtur* (ſayes *Bodinus*) *parentum culpam in liberos derivari:* Does not *Sylla* heare ill for the ſonnes of Proſcripts? Can a man be guiltie of that which was done before he was? Aſk the Schoole, Is it not the nature of ſinne to bee voluntarie? Does it not require knowledge, counſell, conſent, election? If not, why then is not the Wolfe called unjuſt that devoures the Lamb? Why is not hee cited to *Areopagus* as well as *Mars?* Why doe not Princes promulgate

promulgate their Lawes in the Desarts, and compell the affections of the wild Asse to a meane, as well as ours? But ἀεὶ ἑκουσίου καὶ ἀκουσίου ἐπισκοποῦσιν οἱ νομοθετοῦντες, *Arist. Moral. lib.* 3. The Law-giver hath an eye to what is voluntarie and unvoluntarie; to the former by the rule of distributive justice, hee sets out rewards and punishments; to the latter, neither reward nor punishment: How then does God punish the sin of the first man in his posteritie, that personally had done neither good nor ill? How could they conceive, and bring forth sin, who yet themselves were not conceived, or call it a sin; shall it be a mortall sin? Τυφλῷ φύσει οὐδεὶς ἐπιτιμᾷ, Who blames a man for being borne blind? That does the Judge of the great Court of heaven and earth: and surely the Almightie does not pervert justice, it is not with him as with those Romane Prætors, *Jus dicunt, cum iniqua decernunt*: For like, as by a politicall union, many families become one body civill, so by participation of the same specificall nature, were all men as one man; and like as the acts of any part of the body, as theft, or murder done by the hand, doe not ascribe it to that part, but as it is moved by that first and universall motive principle, the will; so is not that first sin layd to us, as severall persons, but as persons and individuals meeting in the same universall nature, totally at once by one man depraved.

It is not, I confesse, the nature of positive Lawes to bind where they are not known or publisht,

liſht, ſo that if *Cain* had eaten of the forbidden fruit, *Enoch* his ſon had not therefore been borne a ſinner; but it pleaſed God, by a peculiar will, to wrap up all men in one *Adam*, whoſe will ſhould be reputed as the will of all to come, whoſe innocencie ſhould be our innocencie, whoſe ſin our ſin, though his repentance not our repentance. Let not duſt and aſhes wrangle and diſpute, how juſt this is, how much ſafer is it to reſt in his decree, at whoſe right hand, with the teſtimony of the Gentiles, we proclaime that juſtice ſits enthroned, and in the infancie of time did ſit, when he examined nature in a true balance, and weighed out to all things their being, their properties, their places, their figures, with moſt exact conformitie to their exemplarie cauſe.

So then you have ſeene how many came within the precincts of this prohibition, *Thou ſhalt not eat*, ſo many are guiltie of the breach of it, and ſo many are ſufferers. Now I proceed to the ſufferings: *Democritus* and the Epicure, whether flattering corrupt manners with promiſe of impunitie, or trembling to joyne wrath with omnipotencie, gave out, that God was not angrie at all, but that he ſate in Heaven a Diſpenſer of good things only: The Poet ſang of an age that knew not whether *Iove* could thunder or no, and wee have heard of an age, when God as yet had not entered into judgement with the ſons of men, when death had no more name, than it hath reall nature, when mans labour was his pleaſure, his life

life contemplation, and his dwelling Paradiſe. But oh, τὸ Ἴλιον εἰς ἀκοὴν ἐρχόμενον προσέρχεται ἀθυμίαν φέρον, The very name of *Troy* is dolefull, how much more of Paradiſe, it adds to our miſery, ſince we have loſt the thing, to keep the name, which at this day ſounds no better, than to the Mariner ſome unhappy place in the ſea, famous of old for the notorious wrack of ſome goodly veſſell.

Well, wee are now unparadiſed, turned out of our pleaſant walks, and muſt fall to our work, we muſt *eat our bread in the ſweat of our face*, this is our ſentence, wherein conſider, firſt the act, eating of bread; ſecondly, the qualification of this act, *in ſweat of thy face*. Man in his innocencie had not a body intrinſecally immortall, but a naturall and elementary body, compoſed of the ſame principles with ours, and uſing for the reparation of nature food, though not uſing the very ſame with us; hee was to eat, though not to eat in ſweat: And though he was not (as *Suarez* ſayes) in a literall ſenſe to eat bread, by reaſon of the toyle in tillage, in ſowing, in reaping, in grinding, yet was hee, as the word is meant in my text, to eat bread, it being taken here for all manner of ſuſtenance: and here I cannot paſſe by that ridiculous conceit of ſome Rabbins, who from this very word *bread*, doe gather that God condemned all men to jog after the plow, a thing which could not ſtand either with the nature of man, or with the wiſdome of God.

I declare it thus: The light of nature, a beame

of

of that intelligible and eternall Son, was not ſet out by the fall of man, this lighted men out of caves and rocks into ſocieties œconomicall and politicall: Politicall have for their end τὴν αὐταρκίαν, ſelfe-ſufficiencie, never to bee found, if all men were plow-men: the multitude of our defects muſt be ſupplyed by the multitude and varietie of Arts and Artificials; ſince then God gave man a naturall appetite of a civill and ſociable life, which appetite being naturall, is not in vaine, nor yet was loſt by ſin; for *Cain*, an hainous ſinner, built the firſt Citie, it had not ſo well ſuted either with the nature of man, or with the wiſdome and goodneſſe of God, to have adjudged all men to that one condition of life; beſides, what had become of Sciences, liberall Arts? Had not been mechanicall, rude, and inchoate manners as courtly as old *Evander* found them among the wild *Aborigines*, the whole world had been benighted, darkneſſe had beene on the face of the earth, Ægyptian darkneſſe, and yet not felt, and God himſelfe had ſcarce found an unblemiſhable Levite to ſerve at his Altar, ὁ γὰρ γεωργὸν ἱερέα καταστῆσον, ſayes the 7. of the Politicks, *The Plow-man is no fit Prieſt.*

Thus much of the act: I now come to the qualification of the act, *In the ſweat of the face:* To ſweat is proper to the body, yet may be tranſlated to the ſoule, neither is it a bold metaphore, *Tully* hath it *de Oratore*, *Commentatio & ſtylus ille tuus multi ſudoris eſt:* ſo that *Archimedes* ſitting ſtill in his ſtudy, did ſweat as well as *Marcellus* his Souldiers,

Souldiers, then in the middeſt of Athens, neither does the word *face* reſtraine the ſenſe to bodily exerciſe, ſince it is ſo frequent by metaphore, to attribute to things incorporeall, things proper to corporeall, thus does *Ariſtotle* call the underſtanding, ὄμμα τῆς ψύχης, and *David* prayes, *Turne away thy face from my ſins, O God*, when as God hath neither figure nor face.

Thus much *de ſigno*, the word, or the name; now *de ſignato*, or the thing ſignified: Man is a continuall Actour, the Sun riſeth and ſets upon his action; waking, he moves, heares, diſcourſes, and when his externall ſenſes are lockt up, his vegetative faculti e is at work, and his fanſie dreams; the whole man here never reſts, nay, let it ſeeme a paradox, I am ſure it is true, there is no reſt in Heaven. The grand Stoick denied motion, I deny reſt. But yet take this diſtinction, Reſt is either a meere ceſſation from action, a ſimple not operation, or a ceſſation from ſome action that wearied the Agent: there is a great deale of difference betweene theſe two. In the former ſenſe God reſted the ſeventh day, from production of new *ſpecies*: In the latter it was not poſſible for him to reſt. In the former, man in all his faculties, all at once, is never at reſt: In the latter, hee is in the time of ſleep, in this ſenſe our God wils neither perpetuall labour nor reſt, it was his providence that the Heavens ſhould move, that divers parts of the earth might be diſpoſed by the influence of divers ſtars; upon this motion fol-

lowes a neceſſarie viciſſitude of day and night, upon that a viciſſitude of reſt and labour: theſe two God hath wiſely knit together, intending the one for the laxation, yet continuance of the other, γίγνε) ἀνάπαυσις ἕνεκα τῆς ἐνεργείας, *The finall cauſe of reſt is labour*: *Ariſt. Ethic.* 10. Now penall labour, there is a continuall ſucceſſion of theſe two, the end of the one is the beginning of the other; the one is from juſtice, the other from mercie: Now let *Anaxagoras* look up, and ſee whether heaven be, ὅλ& ἐκ λίθων, *all of ſtone.*

To be, is good; but to be doing, is the good and end of being: wee perfect our ſelves by action; for the defects of nature are ſupplyed by habits, and habits acquired by actions, which ſo long as they are ſimply voluntarie, are pleaſant, once forced become tedious; ſo much as they have of conſtraint, ſo much of griefe, παρὰ φύσιν γὰ ἡ βία, διὸ καὶ ἀνάγκαι λυπηρὸν, *Rhet. Ariſt.* 1. *Violence is beſide nature, and therefore hath griefe annexed to it.*

Theſe painfull actions which my text cals for, are of the ſame nature with thoſe that *Ariſtotle* cals μικτὰς, partly voluntary, partly violent; for as the poore man parts with his purſe to a thiefe, yet would not doe it, but to ſave his life, ſetting the leſſe evill in the place of good; ſo wee ſpend our ſpirits in ſome actions, not becauſe they are pleaſing to the will, but becauſe they are neceſſarie, partly to ſatisfie the Law, partly for the attaining, partly for the ornament, partly for the maintenance of happineſſe; ſuppoſing then that we

we efficaciouſly will this end, or happineſſe; wee neceſſarily will theſe penall actions, as meanes to the end, no other way to be purchaſed. For our condition is not like that of the Lillies, which are cloathed and ſpin not; nor that of the little Lambs, whom their mothers bring forth in the mountaines, wrapt in naturall rags againſt the injuries of the aire; neither is it with us, as they ſay it was with *Mercury*, who was borne in the morning, found playing on the lute at noone, and driving of oxen at night: wee are firſt infants, then boyes, then youths; how many are the wants of theſe ages? and when wee come to be men, wee eſpy more, and are faine to double our paines, the more our knowledge is, the more intenſe are our deſires, and our deſires employ our members; the vaſt capacitie of our ſoules, and our large wills adde much to our travaile; the appetite of bruits is terminated here below, ours ranges about the earth, the ſea, the aire, attempts heaven with waxen wings, mounts up to Angels, to God himſelfe, and reſts not there; which very unreſtineſſe, though it be full of anxietie (*Non enim eſt abſque dolore quòd aliquis perfectionem appetat: Aquin.* Comment. on Ethic.) ſeeme to me wonderfully to exalt man above other creatures, that whereas they al diſport themſelves in ſome ſlender rivulets of good, onely man looks to that boundleſſe and bottomleſſe deep, the Deitie of his Maker, not to be ſounded, not to be compaſt.

You have heard the ſentence that God hath paſt

on the ſons of men, and that an heavie ſentence, yet me thinks eaſier than if he had condemned us to doe nothing, this ἀργία, this ὕπνος τῆς ψύχης, as *Ariſtotle* termes it, contradicts not only the nature of the ſoule, whoſe verie being is to be, and whoſe well being is to be well doing, but alſo the whole nature of things: Could a man ſtand in *Delph*, which Coſmographers call *Vmbilicum terræ*, the very navell of the earth, and turne his eyes to all poſitions of place, to the right hand, to the left, behind, before, above, and beneath, hee ſhould find them all meet, and conſpire to ſmother, or expoſe this ſpurious or ſuppoſititious brat, and ſhall man father it, and harbour it in his boſome?

Goe to the little Bees, thou ſluggard, *Pullos vel triduanos ad penſam vocant*, they ſet their little ones their taſk at three dayes old; *nec in ſenectute in fucos degenerant*, neither turne they Drones in their old ages. Next turne to the Ant, and ſee her wayes, what are thoſe wayes? Aſk the naturall Hiſtorian, *Etiam per ſaxa & ſilices veſtigia videas & ſemitas*, Thou mayeſt find her ſteps and paths upon the hardeſt flints: So often does that little, yet exemplary creature, trudge this way and that way, backward and forward, to ſtore her earthy granarie, and keep off a winter famine.

Now if there be any to whom God hath dealt ſo liberall a portion of theſe temporall goods, as that they need not labour to prevent either want or cold, or famine, even to theſe alſo do I preach,

In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eate thy bread: they that ſit on high, ſo high, that the poor below ſeeme ὡς μύρμηκες, no bigger than Ants, ſayes *Lucian*, are not alway to ſit ſtill, qualitie and condition exempt not from labour, but from the manner of labour; and therefore does *Solomon* ſet the Spider, that embleme of induſtrie, in that ſhe ſpins her Web out of her owne bowells, to ſpin even in the Courts of Princes, though ſhe has beene often ſwept out for her labour. Why now ſhould the ſluggard yet fold his armes? why ſhould he for fortie, fiftie, ſixtie yeares reſt thoſe bones to whom nature owes ſo long a reſt? ſurely his ſoule is crept into his bodie to the ſame end that *Epimenides* did into his Den, to ſleepe out ſixty yeares: he forgets how long a reſt he is like to take in the grave, hee and all the travellers of the earth; let the poore labouring man, he that grinds in the Mill, the hireling, whoſe paines are trebled by the ſins of great ones, ſolace himſelfe with this, that this day ſhall end in a night, not like the nights of the yeare, which after a few houres give place to the day; nor like that in *Ogyges* his time, famous for nine monthes, but longer and more ſhadie: where *Abel* has ſlept almoſt from the foundation of the world, where *Iſrael* makes not, nor Ægyptian *Pharaohs* tire the people with building Pyramids, where ſilent Nations ſleep in beds of Clay, and ſhall not riſe, nor wake, nor rub their eyes, till the Trumpet ſhall ſound in their eares, and heaven and earth inflamed,

med, ſhall light them new ſtart up to Chriſts Tribunall.

Thus much of our ſufferings: the terme of ſuffering followes in theſe words, *Till thou returne to the earth*: where you may take notice of foure things: the firſt implyed our comming from the earth: the ſecond expreſt our returne to the earth: Firſt, as the end of evills: Secondly as it ſelfe an evill. Firſt of the part implyed, our comming from the earth. *Luc. Iun. Brutus* conſulting with the Oracle, who ſhould be Conſull, received this anſwer, *That he ſhould be Conſull that firſt kiſſed his mother*, he by and by fell on his face, kiſſed the earth, returned home, and was created Conſull, *Romes* firſt Conſull: beſide the faith of the Hiſtorie, that man is of the earth, witneſſe the like qualities of his nutriment, his ſinking in the water, melancholy, his compact fleſh, the dryneſſe of his bones, the conſtancy of his figure, and that which is not of leaſt moment, the baſe worldling, that has fixt his eyes on the earth, and by his life-preaching Gentiliſme, does ſacrifice at *Veſta's* Altars, and calls her the mother of gods and men; it may be *Lucretius* read his Pedigree, where hee tells of men, whom the earth after certaine converſions of the heaven growne big, brought forth and nurſed with her owne milke: But let the Poet dreame of prodigious birthes, we know *that God made man of the earth*, I doe not ſay as ſome did, fetcht from the foure extremities of the earth, to ſhew that his Dominion,

nion, and the world had the ſame bounds, but of earth: Firſt, that wee might the more joy in our Aſcenſion to heaven, and glorifie our Maker, for raiſing our heavie bodies to ſo high a place above the Ayre, above the Fire, above the Moon, and though *Leucippus* taught ἐξώτατον τοῦ ἡλίου κύκλον, that the Orb of the Sunne was the ſupreame Orb, above the Sunne, above all the Starres, except thoſe that prayſed him, in the morning. *Iob*. 38. The bleſſed Angels, whoſe early harmony eccho'd to the harmony of the new borne world.

Seeondly, of earth, that we might have from whence to raiſe our ſoules: but not why to raiſe our Creſts, that great ones might not look too big on the poore, but reſemble in this that glorious Planet, the bright eye of the World, the Sun: the higher it is, the leſſe it looks, that they might conſider, the humble ſhrub lives in Mount *Lebanon*, as well as the ſtately Cedar, and many times lives longer, alway ſafer: that 'tis ſomecimes in States as in nature, that gives to lighter bodies the higher place; that all faces are drawn in duſt, though ſome in illuſtrious duſt; that very *Cyrus*, who in his time was writ βασιλεὺς βασιλέων, now begs his memorie as *Strabo* writes, ὦ ἄνθρωπε, ἐγώ Κῦρός εἰμὶ, O man I am *Cyrus*, he that ſtiled himſelfe great from the Empire of the earth, ſtood but like the Embleme of inconſtancie, with his foot upon a Globe, a ſlippery Globe, earth upon earth: he and poor *Diogenes* lived both but for a time,

time, and both in a time, though not both in a Tub: and *Plutarch* sayes, they dyed both in one day: Death you see makes no difference, and Christ himselfe seemes to make none: 'tis noted to this purpose, that on the mount there appeared with him *Moses* and *Elias*, the one in his younger yeares was a mightie man in Ægypt, after a leader of Gods people: the other, alway poore, cold, and hungrie, cloathed with Goats haire. Away then with that Knave *Lisippus*, that must needs paint *Alexander* with a Thunder-bolt in his hand, with *Caligula*, that set his head on *Jupiters* shoulders, and with *Darius*, that by all meanes must bee a god, though but for thirtie dayes: better was that speculation of *Philip* the *Macedonian*, who on a time falling, and viewing in the dust his length, cryed out, *Lord what a little portion of earth is not content with the whole earth*: he well took notice, that as he had falne on the earth, so hee came from the earth: which is my first part; and should returne to the earth, which is my second.

Πάντες ἴσασιν ὅτι ἀποθανοῦμαι, *Rhet.* 2. *Arist.* who knowes not that he shall dye? to consult about an escape were βουλεύεσθαι περὶ ἀναβολῶν καὶ δυσμῶν, seriously to deliberate what course a man might take, that the Sun should not rise or set. I have read of Temples dedicated to Feares, but that no people did ever consecrate a Priest or Temple to death, as being well knowne to bee inexorable; who have not heard of the gates of Death? who knowes

knowes not that they lye open, and that for him? yet becauſe Evills that may bee farre off doe not much affect: and wee while the bloud runs hot in our veines put farre from us, that frozen and benumbed age, as if eternall *Hebe* or Youth fild our Cups, as Poets ſay ſhee does their *Joves*: it will not be out of place or time, in the middle of Summer to admoniſh of Winter; 'twas the Devills policy in old time, to have the dead buried without the Walls, out of ſight, that the living might not lay it to heart: he that ſteeres well, muſt ſit at the end of his Boat: and 'tis the good Politician, τὰ πόῤῥω φοβεῖσθαι ἐγγὺς ποιεῖν, when danger is farre off, then to ſuppoſe it neare: in this reſpect it cannot bee out of ſeaſon: this is my ſecond part, our returne to the earth.

The whole man came not from earth, and therefore cannot returne to the earth: the ſoule ſhall goe to places deputed to her, the body to the earth, one and the ſame our Mother, our Nurſe, our Houſe, our Tombe; that theſe two ſhould part, proceeds from cauſes Morall, and Naturall; the Morall cauſe is ſinne, that made a ſeparation of God from the ſoule, then followed a ſeparation of the ſoule from the body: for God made not Death, neither taketh the Potter pleaſure in bruiſing an earthen Pitcher: two things (I may ſafely ſay) cannot God make, a God and Sin; of theſe (take the word properly, he has no *Idea.*)

The Naturall cauſes of Death are either

externall or internall; externall, O that I could number them! I ſhould then learne to number my dayes: the internall cauſe is the mutuall conflict of contrarie qualities: the brain being cold, the Stomack, and the Liver hot, the Bones drie, and the Reines moyſt: the ſoule comes from the Father of Spirits, it ſelfe a Spirit; into a body whoſe principles exerciſe naturall and irreconcileable enmitie: me thinks at her firſt entrance into an houſe ſo divided againſt it ſelfe, ſhe ſhould looke about her like that fellow in *Libanius*, that comming home, and finding painted on his Wall two ready and inſtructed Armies, cries out, Τίς ὦ θεοὶ, στρατόπεδον ἀπέδειξε ἐμοὶ οἰκίαν, who has made my houſe a Military Campe? The members of every mans body are at continuall Warre; wee may bee at peace with forraine enemies, our domeſtick are alway in armes: 'Tis falſe that *Solinus* writes of a people in *Iurie*, that are ſo equally mixt, their temper ſo arithmeticall, without exceſſe, defect, or jarre, *ut æternagens ſit ceſſantibus puerperiis*, that there is alway the ſame number of people, and yet no children borne: Who ſhall make me believe that *Iurie*, or any part of *Iurie* is exempted from death, ſince life it ſelfe, our Lord and Saviour Jeſus did dye in *Iurie*? Death erects her Trophies as well in *Iurie* as *Greece*, and in *Greece* as *Scythia*; her victories are here above, her Captives lie below; God made the face of the earth to bee inhabited, ſin and death the bowells: this is the place of them

that

that live, that of them that have lived. Thus is the earth the common receptacle of the living and of the dead: other Elements ſerve us in our life, her ſervice continues after death, when our funerall fires have turn'd us to aſhes, when the Aire our Breath hath left us, and the water belcht us up, ſhee is to our toſſed bodies a ſhore, to our bodies turn'd to aſhes an Urne, to our bodies out of breath a place of Repoſe, a Seat to reſt in.

Thus much of my ſecond part, our returne to the earth: I now come to our returne as the end of evills. *Hercules* his Pillars were the terme of his Travailes, the terme of his life was the terme of his labours; Life and Labour goe hand in hand, death and reſt: hence ſome did conclude it the prime good not to be borne, the next to dye ſpeedily: *Plinie* thought ſo well of death, that he conceived no other end of venemous Herbes, than to rid men out of life, *ſiquando tædio eſſet*, when it grew weariſome. But *ſeek not*, ſaid *Solomon, death in the errour of your lives*; Death is not to bee haſtened, and need not bee feared: never did Pinace arrive at the bleſſed Iſlands, that firſt paſſed not through the ſtraights of Death; God and Nature have ſet them between us and home.

There is a place, ſayes *Iob*, meaning the grave, where there is no order; and yet this for our comfort, there is no tumultuous confuſion, for *Pompey* and *Cæſar* are at peace, the Senate and

the people, nay *Rome* and *Carthage*: Fortune there rules no Orbe, anger and revenge lye chained up, and they that divide the Empire of our living world, pride, ambition, injuſtice, fraud, covetouſneſſe, oppreſſion, have not ſo much as one little Province: 'Twas well done of Nature, that condemned us not to any long ſtay here, that cuts off our ſins with our thred, and our paines with our lives, for did not men weep oftner before the floud than after? and did not old *Priamus* ſhed more teares than young *Troilus*? to all that float upon the troubled waves of this world, there is one common and univerſall Haven, the haven of death, and yet even there in the very haven doe all men ſuffer ſhip-wrack, which caſts me on my fourth and laſt part, the diſcourſe on death, as death is an evill.

Sin, and the puniſhment of ſin, are members adequally dividing humane evils; the former preſuppoſed no evill or privation, it preſuppoſed imperfection in him that ſinned, as mutabilitie of will, which is no evill or privation; for it is univerſally & actually in all individuals, but no privation is actually affirmed of the whole *ſpecies*: the later preſuppoſed evill, an inordination in free actions or omiſſions, called *Malum culpæ*, which in Gods juſtice is payed with that other, called *Malum pœnæ*, the evill of puniſhment, to which member I reduce the hate of Nature, the laſt enemy, the laſt of evils, Death; but not the leaſt.

Can that be the leaſt of evils, which is ſo abhorred

red of all those appetites which God hath printed in the soule, to wit, the naturall, animall, and rationall? Does not the nutritive facultie earnestly labour to maintaine us in being, καὶ ἐν τοῖς ὕπνοις, sayes *Aristotle*, *Mor.* 1. even when wee are asleep? Does not the irascible defend our being, and the concupiscible, together with the generative propagate it? Does not that universall facultie (as *Suarez* cals it) the will, love and desire, the being and well being of all inferiour parts? Shew mee but any thing of the most obscure being, that desires not to maintaine that being, and I shall the sooner with the Egyptians believe two Gods that made the nature of things, the one good, the other bad. Stay then, take notice, see and be amazed too, to see by what strange wayes and windings the derived rivers become tributarie to the sea, all things flow from the deep of divine goodnesse, see how hee fetches them back againe, hee hath made them all, at least by some analogie, to love him in that they love themselves; for they are drops of the bucket, and so much as they love themselves, which are by participation, so much they must needs love him, which is of himselfe; they cannot love to bee, but they must love him who swallowes up in his infiniteneſſe of being, all being, whose nature and essence it is to be, let me tell you of a paradox, if there bee any in afflicted *Jobs* case, that weep that they died not from the womb, that blesse the barren mother, and the paps that never gave suck, even these, the damned spi-

rits and unhappie ſoules, out of a meere love to their being, deſire not to be: ſuch is our love to our being, and God himſelfe glories to ſay of himſelfe, *I am*, and yet this our being does death, as far as it can, deſtroy.

Againe, can that bee the leaſt of evils, which drownes in teares the eyes of widdowes and orphans? that leaves the ſtreets as a green field, and changes the palaces of Princes into lodges of Bats and Owles, that had not God for a father, nor Nature for a mother, till ſhe was adulterate? that is uſhered in by a thouſand evils, the ſword, peſtilence and famine, exceſſe in labour, exceſſe in pleaſure, lingring, griefe, and ſudden mirth, with a thouſand more.

Now that death is a paſſage from theſe to a more bleſſed manſion, from theſe cloudy regions to thoſe enlightned by the Lord God, it is no thank to death, death is ſtill the ruine of Nature, the demoliſher of Gods Worke, this is the goodneſſe and power of God, who will raiſe us againe out of the duſt, and the dark grave, and then will bleſſe us, and ſhew us the light of his countenance, and ſay in the end of the world as hee ſaid in the beginning, let there be light, and there ſhall bee light; a light that no Cloud from thenceforth ſhall dim, that ſhall never ſet: to which light hee lighten us, who lighteth every man; nay who is that very light, and for Ieſus Chriſt his ſake, our onely Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

FINIS.

The second Sermon.

ECCLES. 12. 1.

Remember now thy Creatour in the dayes of thy youth.

THE Text naturally falls into these parts: First, an act, *Remember:* Secondly, the object of that act; and that first in a generall notion, as the *Creatour*: Secondly, in a speciall, with this restraint or appropriation, *thy Creatour:* Thirdly, the time when, set forth three wayes: First, *in thy youth:* Secondly, *in the dayes of thy youth:* Thirdly, *now in the dayes of thy youth.*

First, of the act, *Remember:* But because the memorie of any thing does of necessitie suppose the former knowledge of that, here comes in another act, layd downe by way of supposition, that we know God: First then of this supposed; *Supremum in homine* (sayes *S. August. de Civit. Dei*) *attingit supremum in mundo*; The noblest faculty in

in the little world, man, reacheth to the nobleſt thing in the great world, God, the builder of heaven and earth. When God in the creation did ſtamp on the rude *Chaos* this face of method, hee was not laviſh of his owne image, he gave to humane nature an intellectuall ſoule, and became himſelfe the object of it: Hee hath not dealt ſo with everie nation, goe downe into the deep, and tell me if that ſcaly people have heard of the God of Hoſts. Doe they that dwell in the aire, thoſe winged Tribes, ſing Pſalmes to him that taught them, to him that made them? Doe the beaſts of the forreſt build him a Tabernacle? or the Cedars of Lebanon religiouſly bow their heads to him? No: they are not capable of ſo royall ſervice, their portion is not fallen in ſo faire a place, they all move in ſhallower waters; only man, like the ſtately Pine, lanches out into the Maine, and moves upon that boundleſſe and bottomleſſe Ocean, the infinite and inviſible God.

Now the knowledge of this God is two-fold, either revealed by Oracles, viſions, dreames, tradition, Scripture, divided into the new or old Canon; or naturall, ſuch as the Heathen and Gentiles had by the bare light of reaſon, which though compared to ours, it was no more than the Glowworme to the Sun, yet was enough to leave them inexcuſable, if according to that meaſure of knowledge, they did not honour the true God.

The meanes by which they came to this knowledge, was firſt by reflection on their owne ſoules.

Secondly,

Secondly, by the unsatiable appetite of happinesse, which cannot rest in any finite good.

Thirdly, by the powerfull conservation and upholding of all things: and here, O Lord, to whom shall I liken thee, either in heaven, or in earth? What Agent, either naturall or artificiall, is such to his effect, as thou to the world? What the Sun produced by day, it leaves at night, and Arts, κἂν ὑφαραπῶσι τὰ οἰκεῖα, καὶ στέργασιν ὡς τέκνα, saies *Aristotle*, *Lib.* 1. *Mor. cap.* 11. though they are fond of their owne works, and love them as their children, yet leave them to strangers, to fortune, to rust, to time. Where is *Minerva*, the work and glorie of *Phidias*? or *Mercury*, of *Polycletus*? Time hath razed their Temples, and like *Metellus*, when he took *Athens*, hath cursed the verie Gods in triumph. But of all the works of God, of all the parts of this great whole, there is not one missing, not one growne feeble with time, or that stoops to age. I have seene the heavens painted on *Atlas* his shoulders, but me thought he made a filthy sowre face. There is one, and but one, sufficient for this, hee that cast the mountaines in their mold, and weighed them in a ballance, hee that stretcht forth the heavens as a curtaine, and spread them like a tent to dwell in.

Fourthly, by the neat linking of causes with themselves, and with their effects, by the voyce of the heavens; for their sound is gone out into all lands, since their creation have they both day and

night preacht their Creatour, *Non verborum, ſed rerum eloquentiâ*, ſayes the Father, *Not with eloquence of words, but of things.*

Laſtly, in this great volume of Nature, what page ſoever they turned, they might (as in a faire print) read a God. So that to them that never ſaw the books of *Moſes*, as Pagans and Heathens, who never read that in the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth, it will be damnation not to know a God. For like as though God had never ſaid, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, or, *Thou ſhalt not ſteale*, it had beene ſin to take that which is not a mans owne, or to ſhed mans bloud, becauſe the voyce of Nature cries loud againſt it (and therefore was *Cain* guiltie of murther, before the Law was given in *Sinai* againſt murther.) So though God had never revealed himſelfe, yet not to have knowne him, had beene inexcuſable ignorance, uſually called in the Schoole, *Ignorantia vincibilis*, *Ignorantia pravæ diſpoſitionis*, *Ignorantia privativa*: that is, the abſence of that knowledge, which though we have not, yet wee might, and ought to have had.

But in us there can bee no ſuch ignorance, the night is paſt, and darkneſſe is no more upon the face of the earth, we all know him, wee ſpeake of him, wee ſing of him, wee confeſſe him with our pens, our words, our prayers, and daily oathes, when wee are but in our cradles, wee are taught to call God Father, and while wee hang on our mothers

mothers breasts, to say, *I beleeve in God.*

But because to know God, and proceed no further, is like *Moses* from Mount *Nebo*, to have a view of the land of *Canaan*, but to dye before he could set foot in it, because we know God as wee are men, but remember him as we are good men: therefore I now proceed from the supposed act, the knowledge of God, to that other explicite act, the remembrance of him.

The good actions of men are of small continuance, and cease to be so soone as their effect is compleat, like as naturall motion ceaseth when the forme is produced. If they continue for any time, they may thank the memorie of posteritie, that faithfully records the noble acts of her fathers, & suffers not the same dust that covers their bodies, to cover their names; by her they that dwell in the dust live, and the bodies of Martyrs shall bleed a fresh to all generations; it is she that writes good deeds with a pen of iron, and makes the acts of one age the historie and lecture of the next.

Now in this respect doe men call for a *remember*, that seeing they themselves have no long parts to act upon the stage of this world, when the time comes they must goe out, the curtaine be drawne, and they put off their upper clothes, their bodies, they may leave to this world their name behind them, to testifie that they themselves had sometime beene here: but in this respect cannot God require our remembrance of him, seeing that

what he is, hee hath beene from all eternitie, and so shall continue, when time shall bee no more. The reason why hee cals for our remembrance of him, is not any benefit that shall accrew to him; alas, how far is a creature, a silly man, a little quickened dust, from adding to him, who if hee himselfe could adde any thing to himselfe, I would not acknowledge him my God; the fulnesse of his perfection excludes all accesse of new, our prayers, our psalmes, our remembrance of him doe him no good, *Quòd colitur Deus, homini prodest, non Deo: neque enim fonti quispiam dixerit se profuisse si biberit, nec soli, si viderit:* If we do God service, wee profit our selves, not God; for who will say, that the fountaine is beholden to him that quenches his thirst at it; or the Sun to him that sees by it. There is a service, whose end is onely the benefit of him that rules, and this is more properly called servitude, and it was the lot of that impious son of *Noah*, *Cursed is Cham, a servant of servants shall he be.* Again, there is a service where the benefit is partly his that rules, and partly his that is ruled, and such a service had hee in the Gospell, in whose behalfe the Centurion besought Jesus in this forme, Κύριε, ὁ παῖς μου βέβλη ἐν τῇ οἰκίᾳ παραλυτικὸς, *Lord, my boy lyes at home sick of a palsie:* And the Originall will beare, *my child lyes at home sick of a palsie.* And such a service was that wee read of in Genesis, and *Isaac* blessed *Esau*, that he might serve his brother. But now beyond both these,

theſe, there is a relation of Lord and Servant, betweene God and Man, where the Lord reſerves to himſelfe onely honour, and puts over all the profit to us his ſervants; and yet though our ſervice be not good to him, but to our ſelves, it is his pleaſure and goodneſſe to require it; it is he that led the pen of *Salomon*, when he began this Chapter, as wee ſhould begin every day of the weeke, every day in the yeare, *Remember now thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth.*

The Creator is the object of our remembrance, and that firſt in this generall notion, as the Creator: ſecondly in a ſpeciall as thy Creator: Firſt of the generall; the poore Philoſopher that knew no other, no better God than the Sunne, when he was asked for what he was borne, made anſwer, εἰς θεωρίαν τοῦ ἡλίου, to looke upon the Sun; though his ignorance was too too groſſe, in that he made a God of a Creature, adoring the Sun for him that inflamed the Sunne; yet had his ground beene true, had that beene a God which he ſuppoſed to be a god, how worthy had his anſwer beene, to be ſent in Letters of gold to poſteritie, to read and practiſe: bee it what it will, 'tis writ againſt us, and ſhall be read againſt us at the great accounts, if knowing the true God, we denie him in our lives.

Of all thoſe Acts by which Almighty God communicates himſelfe to the Creature, hee is moſt viſible in his act of Creation, as for his

acts of executive providence, though they are equally certaine, yet they are not equally seene: it was the ignorance of those that puzled the Epicure, and drove him to his wits end, to finde out, why all things come alike to all, to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not, why the thundet-bolt should passe a Taverne and fire a Temple; why the Foxes should have holes, and the Birds of the aire nests, but humility and simplicity not where to lay their head: which knot when he had thus tyed, but could not untie, hee desperately broke it, and peremptorily sets downe, that there was a God in heaven: but he, a careleſse and sleepy one, wherein in that he took away from him providence, hee indeed left him no God: not much unlike the *Cretians*, that call their god *Iove* immortall, yet talke of his Tomb with this inscription, ὁ Ζεὺς τοῦ Κρόνου, Here lies *Iove* the Son of *Saturne*; but his act of Creation, he that sees it not must needs be guiltie of damnable ignorance, of voluntarie and affected ignorance, and seems to have his eye-lids given him for nothing else but to shut out day; and therefore this remembrance of God is rather urged from his act of Creation, than from his act of Providence.

There is a second reason which may claime our remembrance of him, and that is the extent of his goodnesse in this act of Creation; before heaven or earth, before day or night had God beene of eternall, and infinite continuance, he was then

then alone, ſolitarie, yet wanted no company: it is not with him, as with man, whoſe naturall infirmities breed a naturall, and neceſſary deſire of ſociety: hence ſays *Solomon*, two are better than one, neither wanted he the earth for a foot-ſtoole: to want a foot-ſtoole is proper to bodies, to elementary and groſſe bodies; neither wanted hee a houſe to dwell in, for then he ſhould want it now: For behold the heaven of heavens containes him not: and yet for all this it pleaſed him to create an heaven and earth, the one for thy Footſtoole, the other for thy Canopy, both of them of rare beauty, of wonderfull continuance, of ſuch perfection, that to them, as *Solomon* ſayes, no man can add, and from them can no man diminiſh, unleſſe it be ſome one ſo wickedly curious, as he in *Lucian*, that blamed him firſt for making a woman: ſecondly, for placing the Bulls hornes above his eyes.

But becauſe no efficient acts at randome, but has reſpect to ſome end which either it ſelfe tends to, but apprehends not, as it is in all things below man, or which it ſelfe both tends to and apprehends, as it is in all intellectuall agents, and chiefely in the firſt, the infinite wiſe God; who therefore in the Theologie of the *Gentiles* is called the firſt intelligence: take further notice of the end for which hee became a Creator, and then unleſſe thou be more ſtupid than *Cluſius Sabinus*, that could never hit of *Hector's* Name, or

Meſſala

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There is a second reason which may claime our remembrance of him, and that is the extent of his goodnesse in this act of Creation; before heaven or earth, before day or night had God beene of eternall, and infinite continuance, he was then

then alone, ſolitarie, yet wanted no company: it is not with him, as with man, whoſe naturall infirmities breed a naturall, and neceſſary deſire of ſociety: hence ſays *Solomon*, two are better than one, neither wanted he the earth for a foot-ſtoole: to want a foot-ſtoole is proper to bodies, to elementary and groſſe bodies; neither wanted hee a houſe to dwell in, for then he ſhould want it now: For behold the heaven of heavens containes him not: and yet for all this it pleaſed him to create an heaven and earth, the one for thy Footſtoole, the other for thy Canopy, both of them of rare beauty, of wonderfull continuance, of ſuch perfection, that to them, as *Solomon* ſayes, no man can add, and from them can no man diminiſh, unleſſe it be ſome one ſo wickedly curious, as he in *Lucian*, that blamed him firſt for making a woman: ſecondly, for placing the Bulls hornes above his eyes.

But becauſe no efficient acts at randome, but has reſpect to ſome end which either it ſelfe tends to, but apprehends not, as it is in all things below man, or which it ſelfe both tends to and apprehends, as it is in all intellectuall agents, and chiefely in the firſt, the infinite wiſe God; who therefore in the Theologie of the *Gentiles* is called the firſt intelligence: take further notice of the end for which hee became a Creator, and then unleſſe thou be more ſtupid than *Cluſius Sabinus*, that could never hit of *Hectors* Name, or

Meſſala

Meſſala Corvinus that forgot his owne, thou canſt not but with thanks and amazement call to mind thy God, thy Creator, and his mercies which have beene of old. Look into the upper and nether world, both Sunne and Moone give thee to ſee, though they ſee not themſelves: and in this lower world, whatſoever bleats or lowes, or roares upon a thouſand hills, whatſoever chants in the aire, or is ſilent in the water, both are, and grow, and multiply either for thy pleaſure or for thy neceſſitie: deſcend from the ſenſitive degree to the vegetative, thou ſhalt find the Laurell in the cold of Winter put off her leaves for *Cæſars* head: for him the Pine leaves her native Mountaine, for an inhoſpitall Element, and at the Artificers pleaſure the Cedar comes downe from Lebanon, and puts on the forme of men, of beaſts, of gods. If this bee not enough, doe but thinke how GOD hath placed the head of trees below the foot of man, τὸ γὰρ ἄνω τοῦ φύτου καὶ κεφαλὴ ἡ ῥίζα. The head of a tree is the root. *Ariſt. de anim.* Of all theſe, *Et Dominiũ & uſus fundatur in humana natura, Suar. de oper. 6. dierum, Both Dominion and uſe is founded in the nature of Man:* Whatſoever hee created in thoſe firſt ſixe dayes of the world, hee made in reference to thee; to thee (I ſay) whoſoever thou art; hee deſires no man to remember him for whom hee did not create theſe things: hee that hath not ſo much land as hee can cover with his proſtrate

proſtrate body, for him was the whole earth created: whatſoever is now incloſed, had not ſin entred into the world, ſhould have laine common: the Civilian had not broacht thoſe termes of diviſion, dominion, acquiſition, preſcription, uſucaption, occupation, it had not beene in controverſie whether the Mariner might caſt Anchor at this or that ſhore, nor whoſe was the ſwarme of Bees that ſetled in this or that tree, there had beene no ſetling of Land-marks, no buying, no ſelling either of hand of Iuſtice; no Michaelmas or Eaſter Terme. *Aquinas* notes, that buying or ſelling was never heard of, till *Abraham* bought a burying place of *Ephron* the Sonne of *Zoar*; and here by the way you may note, that the firſt thing this good man bought was a burying place, as if the end of his life had beene the beginning of his thoughts: the River of God, ſayes the *Pſalmiſt*, is full of Water; you have heard how this River keepes not within bancks, but rejoyces to break out, and runne downe with a mightie ſtreame, to make glad the face of the whole earth.

Thus much of the object in generall, as the Creator: I now come to the object in a more ſpeciall notion, with this reſtraint or appropriation, *thy Creator:* where waſt thou when I laid the foundation of the earth, (ſaies God to *Iob*) let the Poet make anſwer, *quâ non nata jacent*, were things that are not yet borne or conceived are,

that is just no where: how much then dost thou owe to God that gave thee life, when as yet thou couldst not aske it of him? and when hee first gave thee life, thou wast as thy dayes are, but a span long, and yet what a faire place did he make ready for thee? even the wide and spacious world, that when thou commest to yeares and mans stature, thou mightest have elbow roome enough.

That God is the Creator, and therefore Almighty, is matter of feare and trembling; but that he is thy Creator is matter of love, and thankfull remembrance. Did he not give thee a being? yes, but so he did to stocks and stones. Did hee not give thee a soule and life? thus much hee hath done for beasts and trees. But did hee not give thee a reasonable soule? to denie it were the best argument, that hee did not. But in that hee hath given thee a reasonable soule, remember this thing that he hath done for thee: The soule of Beasts is from the earth, earthly; the soule of man from the Father of Spirits, and is spirituall; the soule of Beasts is but for a time, and then dyes with the body, the soule of man lives after the body, and returnes to God that gave it.

Some of the old Philosophers compare the soule of a man to a Circle; for like as a Circle returnes to the first poynt, and ends where it began, so the soule of man returnes to God from whom it began: to which may that bee well applyed which God sayes of himselfe, *I am the beginning*

beginning, and I am the end.

But now though it bee true that the wiſe men ſaid of old, that the ſoule of man doth reſemble a circle; yet is there ſome diſparitie and unlikeneſſe in the one and the other; for every Circle returnes to the poynt from whence it begins, but every mans ſoule doth not returne to God that gave it: for the ſouls of the wicked go out from him, and are loſt in this world, and never returne to him againe: but the ſoules of the juſt are like the Dove which *Noah* ſent out of the Arke, which finding no reſt for the ſole of her foot, returned back againe, and hee put forth his hand and received her. In this doe the ſoules of good and bad agree, that they were all created by one and the ſame God, that they are all for a time to be united to the body, that they ſhall all at the end of that time be ſeparated from the body, that they ſhall all put on the very ſame bodies which ſometimes they put off; that they ſhall all come to judgement; and here beginnes the woefull and lamentable difference, ſome proving Chaffe, ſome Wheat; ſome Sheep, ſome Goats; ſome being ſet on the right hand, and ſome on the left; ſome marked out to eternall death, and ſome to eternall life: now that thou maiſt never feele the happineſſe of the one, and never feele the miſerie of the other, take with thee this Counſell, it is the Counſell of a King, of *Solomon* the King, let it bee to thee as the

Signet of thy right hand, and as Jewells of gold about thy neck; write it upon the Nayles of thy fingers, upon the palmes of thine hands, upon the posts of thine house, and in every corner of thy heart, *Remember thy Creator.* The fruit that will spring from this remembrance, will be much and rare: from contemplation of his highnesse, and thy low estate will spring humilitie, from thought of this, that hee gave to thee not onely when thou hadst nothing, but wast nothing; Charitie to the poore, from his mercie hope, from his Iustice a true ballance; feare of his Name, resolution and contempt of injuries, from his immensitie and illimited presence in all places, watchfulnesse and warinesse in all thy ways, words, and actions.

But because there is an appoynted time for all things, a time for everie purpose under the Sun, my Text does not only set downe whom we must remember, but the time when we must remember him, and that in three particulars:

First, in our youth.

Secondly, in the dayes of our youth.

Thirdly, now in the dayes of our youth,

First of the first. It was the superstition of the old Romans, *primam lanuginem Diis Consecrare*, to consecrate the first haire of their cheeks to their gods: what was superstition in them, will bee good Religion in us, God will have our firstlings; what are they? the first borne male of

of thy Cattell, and of thy ſheep, thou ſhalt ſanctifie to the Lord thy God, was the old Law. But now, I will take no Bullock out of thine houſe, nor Goat out of thy fold: will I eate the fleſh of Bulls, or drinke the blood of Goats? Offer unto mee praiſe, and pay thy vowes, call upon mee (but marke what followes) in the day of trouble, not in the night, not after Sunne ſet, wee muſt not deferre it ſo long: and I ſay, call upon him early, betime in the morning; and if not in the morning of the day, yet ſurely in the morning of thine age, that is, in thy youth. How many have thought to call in the evening, who have beene cald away themſelves at noone, and beene benighted at mid-day? for we are here but for a time, and then muſt bee gone: like Travailers, or wayfaring men, wee muſt pay our debt and reckoning to Nature, and then away; after we have eat and drunke here, or like Tenants at will, who muſt give up our Title and Land, even that ſmall portion of earth which we carry about us, when God ſhall call, as hee cald to *Abraham*, *exi de terra tua*, goe out of thy Land: and whither then? to the place that *Iob* in his tenth Chapter ſpeaks of, darke as darkneſſe it ſelfe; where there is no order; where there is no place for repentance, for as the tree falleth ſo it lyeth. Sixe dayes ſhalt thou labour and doe all that thou haſt to doe, in theſe thou muſt gather thy *Manna*; if thou gather on the ſeventh, it ſhall ſtinke and bring.

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bring forth wormes: never had man pardon of his ſinne to whom it was not ſealed in this world; we muſt be wrought here, and fitted and ſquared for the houſe of God, or no where, for after this life ſhall ceaſe the noyſe of the hammer, the Axe, and the Chiſill: the day is for action, whether good or ill: the night commeth, in which no man worketh; for that reaſon remember thy Creator here, and for this remember him here in thy youth, becauſe it is uncertaine whether thou ſhalt ever be old: none are old which were not young; many are young which ſhall not bee old. Times and ages, God, as a wiſe diſpenſer has kept in his owne hands, to the intent that wee might ſuſpect a ſhorter thred of life, and yet not deſpaire of a longer.

There is a time to be borne, and a time to dye (ſayes *Solomon*) marke his language, here is birth and death, but no talke of life; as if in a new way of Philoſophy, he would make a paſſage *ab extremo, ad extremum ſine medio*, as if wee were to ſpring immediately out of our mothers wombe, out of our ſwadling Clouts into our winding ſheet.

But ſuppoſe it were ſo, that thou hadſt a long leaſe of thy life, and wert forc't to go to thy grave as a ſheafe of Wheat into the Barne, ripe and in a good age: ſuppoſe thou hadſt a promiſe to ſee thy childrens children, and their Children, yet were it extreame impiety to deferre thy repentance

tance to thy later dayes, to give thy beautie and youth to thy pleaſure, and thy wrinckles and gray haires to thy God. Haſt thou not read, hath it not beene told thee, that God will have no pleaſure in thy leavings, the halt, the lame, the bleare-eyed, and the blind, are theſe fit offerings on his Altar?

Beſides, how unjuſt is this, to play away the ſtrength of thine age, and then to lay the burden of all thy ſinnes upon thy old and decrepit age, which God knowes is a burden to it ſelfe, whoſe knees tremble and ſhake under as many diſeaſes as ſinnes. O Lord, that back that ſo ſtoops under threeſcore yeares, how ſhall it ſinke under the ſins of threeſcore yeares? the ſinnes, I ſay, whoſe weight hee full well knowes, that calls to us, *Come unto mee all you that are heavie laden*; for this I call heaven, and earth, and hell to witneſſe; for the earth ſunk under the ſins of *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*: the firſt ſinne weighed the apoſtate Angels to hell; and now is another hell to them, and the ſinne of man weighed downe from heaven to earth: The Son of God, who on the Mount of Ollves ſweat drops of bloud, under the load of our iniquities, and when hee bare them on the Croſſe, hee cryed out in the anguiſh of his ſoule, heaven and earth bewayling the extreame weight that lay upon him, for the Sunne ſhut his eye, and the whole Land of *Iurie* became as a cloſe mourner; for it was wrapt

wrapt in a blacke Mantle of Darkneſſe from the ſixt even unto the ninth houre: is this then a burthen for thine old age? for crazie and faint limbes? then let a Pigmie, a Dwarfe, twitch up Mount *Ætna* at the roots, and ſtrut away with it on his ſhoulders.

Beſides all this, doe but thinke of the many and certaine miſeries of that age; *Nonius Marcellus* coats three places out of *Accius*, *Pacuvius*, and *Titinnius*, where *ſenium* is put for *Malum*, as if it were one and the ſame thing to be old and miſerable: adde hither the decay of Senſes, conſcience of an ill-acted life, the feare to dye, and yet wearineſſe to live, with *Chiliads*, and *Iliads*, more of evills, Miniſters to the firſt, I tremble to ſay the ſecond death.

Beyond all this, there are ſome vices naturall to old age, as jealouſie, peeviſhneſſe, moroſitie, loquacitie; their preſent life being but a vaine repetition or memorie of their former, ζῶσι τῇ μνήμῃ, they live by memorie, ſaies *Ariſt.* I add hither alſo Covetouſneſſe, ſo proper to this age, that the Philoſopher therfore cals it ἀνίατον, uncurable, becauſe τὸ γῆρας, καὶ πᾶσα ἀδυναμία εἰς τοῦτο πιπτει, old age, and everie impotencie breeds it, whether it bee, that when the gifts of body and minde faile, wee catch at thoſe of fortune, as our laſt refuge, like men halfe drowned, that miſſing of better hold, catch at ſtrawes or weeds,

weeds, which reaſon *Aquinas* on that place gives; or whether it be διὰ τὴν ἐμπειρίαν, which is the Philoſophers one Reaſon in 2. of his *Rhetor.* becauſe old men by experience beſt know how neceſſary thoſe eternalls are, and yet how hardly got, how eaſily loſt: This is that, that makes them, when they are even at their journies end, breake their Aſſes backs with laying on new proviſion, not much unlike Rivers, that then runne biggeſt, and gather moſt waters, when they come neareſt to the Sea, to their owne home.

Laſtly, how hardly does gray-headed ſinne leave a ſinner? This is that Ægyptian Tyrant, that *Pharaoh* that will not let Iſrael goe: it is continuance in ſinne, that makes an earneſt ſinner, our firſt ſinnes are with ſome reluctancy, ſome checks, ſome gripes, our later with delight; happy is hee that dathes thoſe Brats, thoſe little ones, againſt the Stone, as it is in *Pſalme*, one hundred thirtie ſixe. Some Interpreters by little one, doe there underſtand ſinne in its Infancy, and by the Stone the Rock, the Corner ſtone, CHRIST JESUS.

How hardly is the iniquity of our Heeles ſhooke off? *Caſſiodorus* expounds our Heeles our later Age; and the difficultie proceeds

partly from the Devill, to *insidiaberis calcaneo*, said God to the Serpent, thou shalt lye in wait for his Heele; partly from the sinner, hee is an old, a grave sinner, hardly cureable; not as if the Balme of *Gilead* failed, not as if GOD wanted mercie, for he ran to meet the Prodigall afarre off, and Saint *Iohn* saw, *Ierusalem* with twelve Gates open, to the East three, to the West three, to the North three, and to the South three: but because God in Iustice hardens such sinners, not positively, but negatively, that is, *Non impertiendo malitiam, sed non impertiendo gratiam*, sayes *Lumbard*, not by making them evill, but by not making them good, leaving them stupid, bed-ridden, and speechlesse sinners, without sence, without motion, not able to doe or say so much as the Prodigall did, I will rise, or I would rise, and goe to my Father.

Hence now I passe to the second particular, *In the dayes of thy youth.*

Why in the dayes of our youth, more than in the yeares of our youth: They that have set us out the shortest time for youth, allow us from foureteene to thirtie foure, but this is to put us in minde of uncertaintie of life, as if our youth was but for a few dayes, or like as at the end of the day comes evening, and then darke night, so at the end of our youth comes

comes old Age, and then Death.

Or it may bee without violence to the Text, you may take in the dayes of thy youth; for, by the good actions done in thy youth, and then the ſenſe will bee, give teſtimonie that thou Remembreſt thy Creator, by thy well-doing, in thy youth; for ſo may this word *Dayes* bee uſed: *Abraham* (ſaid *Moſes*) departed full of daies, *Hoc eſt* (ſayes *Aquinas*) *plenus operibus lucis & diei*: Neither doe I without warrant expound this Prepoſition *in* as a cauſall, ſignifying *by*; ſo would ſome have it meant in the verie firſt word of *Geneſis*, and ſo it is uſed in the Pſalme, *In wiſedome haſt thou made them all*: that is, *by* wiſedome; for the Son is the wiſedome of the Father: And ſo is it uſed in the firſt of the *Hebrewes*, ἐλάλησεν ἡμῖν ἐν τῷ υἱῷ, hee ſpake to us in his Sonne, that is, by his Son.

Thus I have done with the ſecond particular, *In the dayes of thy youth.* But that is not enough, the wiſe man addes, *now in the dayes of thy youth.* I ſay now: for now is the Sabboth Day, to the hallowing of which, GOD prefixt, as hee did to my Text, *Remember*, Remember that thou keep holy the Sabboth day.

Secondly, remember him now, becauſe

no time is thine, but this verie now, whether any bee to come it is uncertaine; and what it may bring with it as uncertaine: That which is paſt is behinde thee, and ſeeing thou art a Travailer on earth, the further thou journyeſt, the further thou leaveſt it.

Thirdly, *Remember thy Creator now*, becauſe now, in this very moment, this verie Article of time, does he create thy better part, thy ſoule: for by the verie ſame action by which it was firſt created, is it till this day created, is this minute created, and ſhall bee created to all eternitie, (miſtake mee not) the Conſervation of it in being, being nothing elſe but the Creation of it continued: ſince therefore, God upholds thy ſoule in being by the ſame act, by which hee gave it being (I meane thy ſoule onely, for hee did not in a proper ſence create thy bodie) and ſince no cauſe loſeth its Name, or Formalitie, till its actuall influence, or cauſalitie ceaſe: who! ſees not that whenſoever hee did firſt create it, yet he now creates it: hee is now thy Creator, therefore thou ſhalt now remember him: if he be thy beginning, thou muſt make him thy end: the firſt efficient, and the laſt end muſt needes bee co-incident: if hee doe for thee, thou muſt

must doe for him; if hee now remember thee, thou must not now forget him; because thou wast at first deduced from him, thou must bee thus reduced to him. *Alcinous* in his Introduction to *Plato* sayes of him, σχῆμα τῶ θεῶ περίθηκε σφαιροειδὲς, hee held GOD of a Sphæricall figure: and truely, though God bee of no figure, yet (to omit many instances) hee seemes to love this figure: for as a Circle returnes into it selfe, and ends where it began; so all things that were derived from him, (and what was not derived from him?) must end in him: *Ister*, *Achelous*, *Euphrates*, and *Ganges*, all these Rivers flow from that mightie Well: and after all their windings, come to pay tribute, and fall with a loud noyse into that mightie Well.

Last of all, Remember you especially your Creator now, because there was of late evill in your great Citie, the evill of Plague, but now is not, because the Gyant hath now laid by his Quiver, his Bow, and his Arrowes, because shee that did sit in Ashes, is now become the glorie of Cities, the seat of joy, of mirth, and health; because now her streets, her Courts of Iustice, her Temples are returned from solitude to their old frequencie, because now shee

ſhee heares not *Zim*, nor the Scriech-Owle by night, nor the Vulture, nor the Raven by day : O let it not bee told in *Edom*, let not the *Hittite* and the Stranger heare that Iſrael found a mindfull God, but God an unmindfull Iſrael, that you are ſtill a rebellious people, though his Angel paſt by your houſes, and your firſt-borne live, that you heare not him, whereas he heard for you, your verie doores calling, and crying, Lord have mercy upon us.

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Errata.

PAge 2, line 4. read *vileſcit* for *vile eſt*. p. 3: l. 15. r. leaving for bearing p. 4. l. 17. r. mind to that, for mind that. p. 5. l. 24. r. are not aſcribed, for doe not aſcribe. p. 8. l. 1. r. put for ſet. p. 8. l. 16. del. *?*. at Arts, and ſet it at Sciences. p. 25. l. 16, r. carried for curſed.

FINIS.